Friday Night Out

Clear, cold, ice cubes clinked against the sides of a thick glass magnifying a lonely slice of green lime.
She pursed her scarlet lips and raised the glass so a thin double-barreled straw slipped between them and silently sucked in the potent liquid.
Two eyes, lined meticulously with black and brushed lashes flashed a deep brown light with the prospect or probability of trouble,
The ends of her wheat hair slightly split and sprayed tousled about a face that wore expressions as casually as an old sweater.
Waiting restless, but in full knowledge it was just another Friday night in a stale bar, like a snuffed out cigarette butt.

Renee Kristine Nicholson

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have you ever stood by a doorway a secret portal trying to decide how to put your first foot forward wondering if you should contemplating your life to come to an only decision of life you missed me by a mile i missed you by a smile we caressed our beings in the sensation of love only to find that it wasn’t truly there only a mirage of my thirsty soul longing for the taste of your salty blood to run through my child’s veins to see him skipping holding your hand as i would have once to see you raise his giggling body high above your head spinning around in circles spinning spinning past me in the delusion that i created for myself to make my soul feel more compassionate towards this life i stand in your doorway waiting for my body to make its first move to new life to new freedom, you missed me smile you missed my last lonely mile

Jessica Harris